all new

Hanna-Barbera's

KORG: 70,000 B.C.

CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

CHARLTON COMICS 30¢

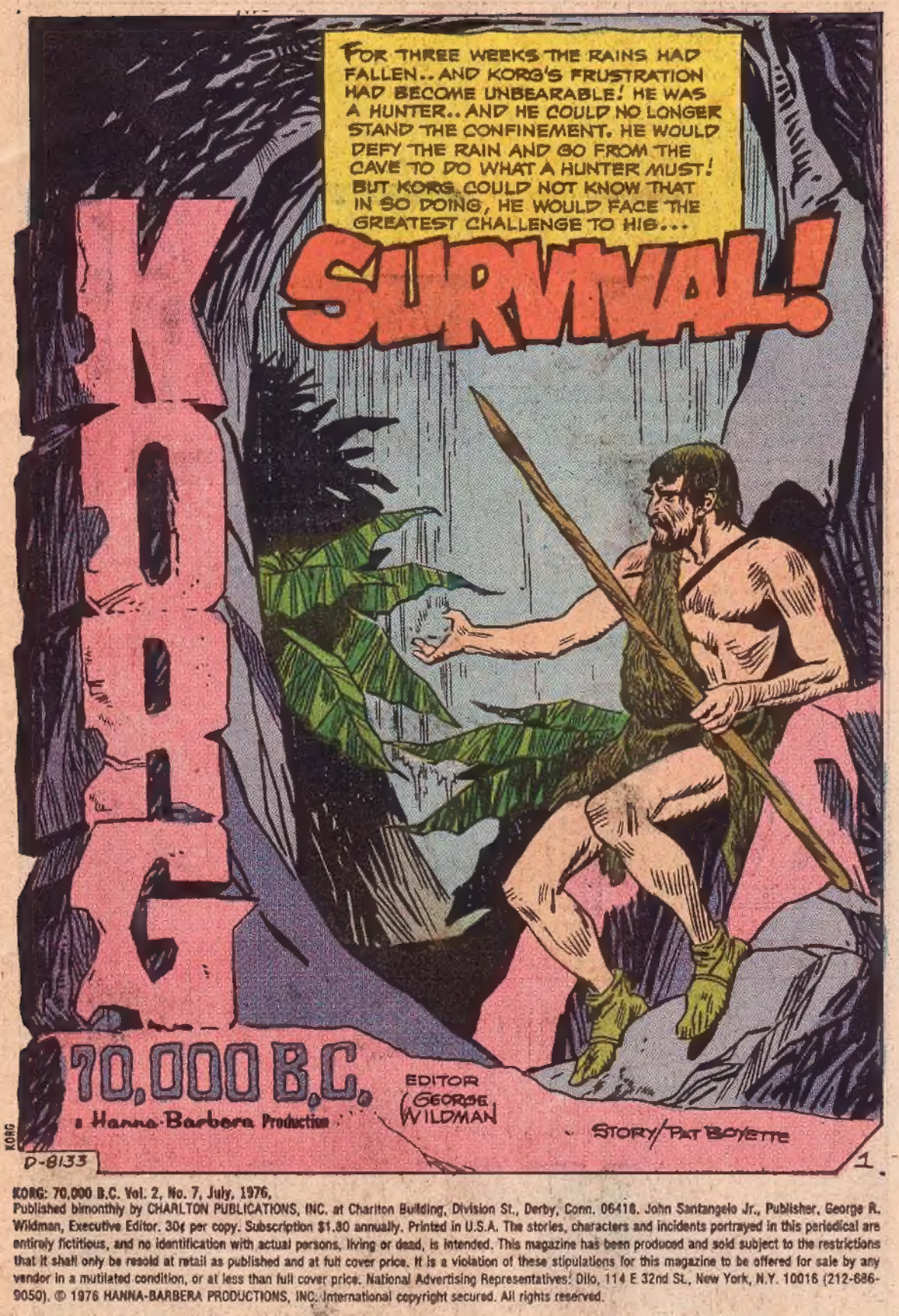
UK-10P

NO. 7 | 00102

JUL | 76/CDC

00102

PAT BOYETTE


FOR THREE WEEKS THE RAINS HAD FALLEN.. AND KORG'S FRUSTRATION HAD BECOME UNBEARABLE! HE WAS A HUNTER.. AND HE COULD NO LONGER STAND THE CONFINEMENT. HE WOULD DEFY THE RAIN AND GO FROM THE CAVE TO DO WHAT A HUNTER MUST! BUT KORG COULD NOT KNOW THAT IN SO DOING, HE WOULD FACE THE GREATEST CHALLENGE TO HIS...
SURVIVAL!
KORG
70,000 B.C.
a Hanna-Barbera Production
EDITOR GEORGE WILDMAN
STORY/PAT BOYETTE
KORG
D-8133
1

KORG: 70,000 B.C. Vol. 2, No. 7, July, 1976,
Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher, George R. Wildman, Executive Editor. 30¢ per copy. Subscription $1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dillo, 114 E 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1976 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

KORG HAD SEEN SHADOWS MOVING IN THE UNDERBRUSH AND HE KNEW THAT GAME WAS NEAR! HE WOULD GO...
COME, BOK.. WE HUNT..
HUNT! BUT- KORG ..THERE IS COLD RAIN...
KORG IGNORED HIS BROTHER'S ATTEMPTS TO PROTEST...
GAME WILL NOT WAIT, BOK.. WE GO NOW...
BUT... BUT..
AND, MARA.. PREPARE THE FIRES.. THERE WILL SOON BE FRESH MEAT...
YES, KORG!
IT WAS A WONDERFUL FEELING TO BE FREE OF THE CAVE - AND THE STINGING JABS OF THE CHILLING RAIN MADE NO PENETRATION OF KORG'S EMANCIPATED SPIRIT...
KEEP UP, BOK... A HUNTER CANNOT BE A LAGGARD!

KORG KNEW THAT THE FIRST SPOORS WOULD BRING BOK INTO THE EXCITEMENT OF THE HUNT!
KORG.. HERE! DEER!
BUT THEN- KORG SAW OTHER TRACKS.. AND HIS BLOOD RAN COLD!
MAN TRACKS! CRO-MAGNON KILLERS!
BE ALERT, BROTHER.. THE ENEMY IS NEAR!

KORG HAD REASON FOR CONCERN - BECAUSE HOSTILE EYES WERE WATCHING!
NEANDERTHALS! WE'LL CAPTURE!
SILENTLY, THE ENEMY STALKS KORG AND BOK! KORG IS KEEN TO EVERY SOUND AND HE KNOWS THAT DANGERS WALK WITH HIM!
I'LL TRY TO GET A NOOSE ON THEM .. BUT, BE CAREFUL .. NEANDERTHALS CAN BE VICIOUS!
YES!
AAGH
KORG !!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

UKGGGH
BOK
WE'VE GOT THEM!

DON'T RESIST! I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU!
AND- WHILE BOK APPEARS OUT OF THE FIGHT, HE IS JUST PRETENDING AT UNCONCIOUSNESS...
SPLAT!

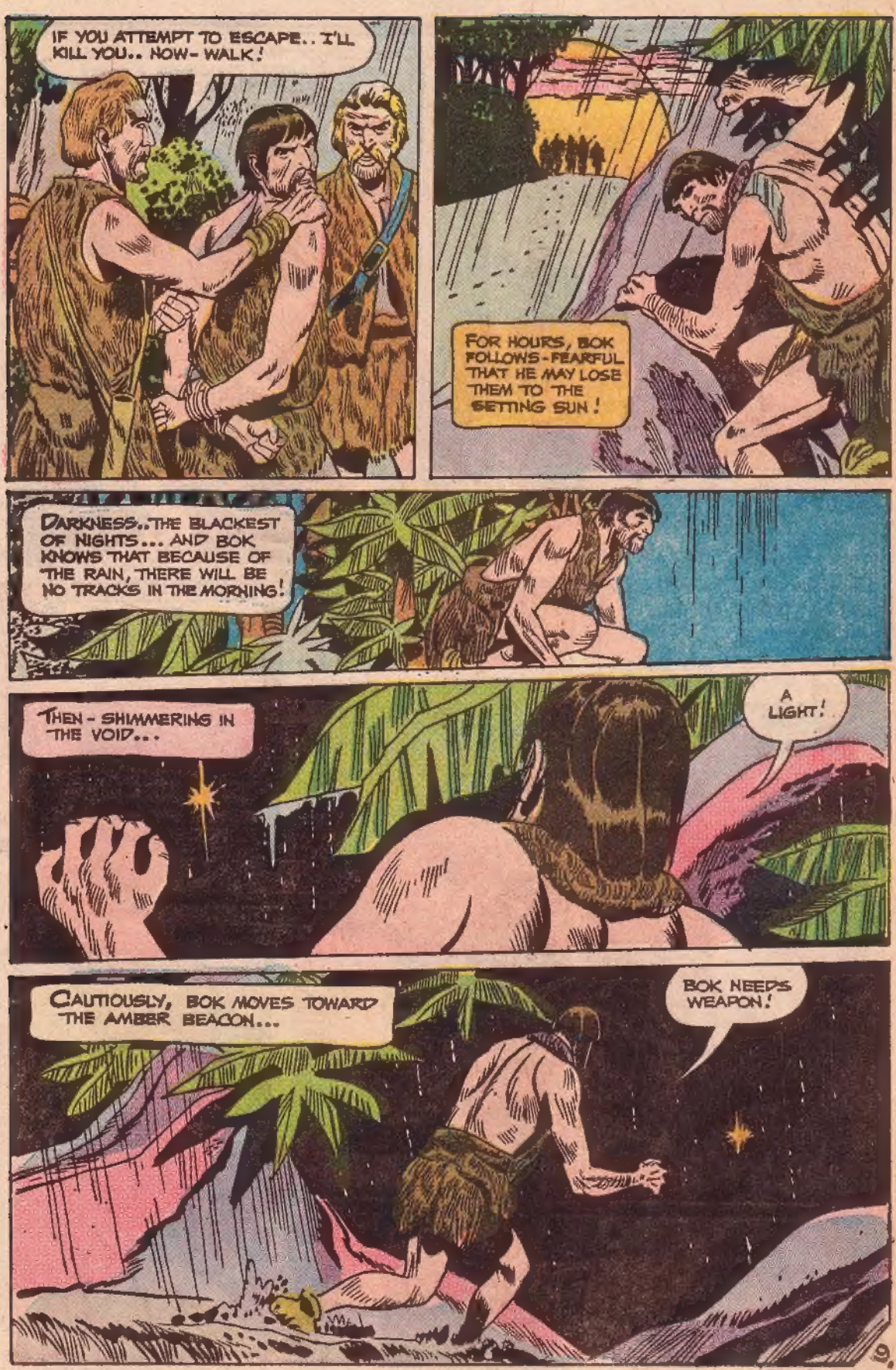
ENEMY NOT CAPTURE BOK!
OOF
STOP HIM!
THWAAANN
THUK
AHGGG..

FOR A SECOND TIME, THE RUSE WORKS.. BOK HAS THE APPEARANCE OF A MAN WHO HAS SUFFERED A MORTAL WOUND!
GOOD SHOT... BUT WE'VE LOST A NEANDERTHAL CAPTIVE!
WELL..WE STILL HAVE ONE!

KORG IS HELPLESS! HE CANNOT KNOW THE FATE OF HIS BROTHER AND HE IS TOO OUTNUMBERED TO ESCAPE HIS CAPTORS!

THERE IS NO DOUBT IN BOK'S MIND THAT KORG IS IN TROUBLE!

HE KNOWS THAT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BEFORE AND NEVER SEEN AGAIN!


IF YOU ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.. I'LL KILL YOU.. NOW- WALK!
FOR HOURS, BOK FOLLOWS - FEARFUL THAT HE MAY LOSE THEM TO THE SETTING SUN!
DARKNESS..THE BLACKEST OF NIGHTS... AND BOK KNOWS THAT BECAUSE OF THE RAIN, THERE WILL BE NO TRACKS IN THE MORNING!
THEN - SHIMMERING IN THE VOID...
A LIGHT!
CAUTIOUSLY, BOK MOVES TOWARD THE AMBER BEACON...
BOK KEEPS WEAPON!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

NO! DON'T HURT US!
YOU - CRO-MAGNON! CRO-MAGNON CAPTURE MY BROTHER! YOU TELL BOK WHERE HE IS!
MY FATHER HAS NO EYES.. AND WE KNOW NOT OF YOUR BROTHER!
NO, GIRL!
IT IS TRUE.. WE DO NOT KNOW OF YOUR BROTHER.. BUT WE DO KNOW WHAT OUR PEOPLE HAVE BECOME!
IF YOUR BROTHER HAS BEEN CAPTURED.. THEN IT IS FOR ONE PURPOSE! HE IS TO BE SACRIFICED TO THAT HIDEOUS, PAGAN, SERPENT GOD, QANZUL!
11

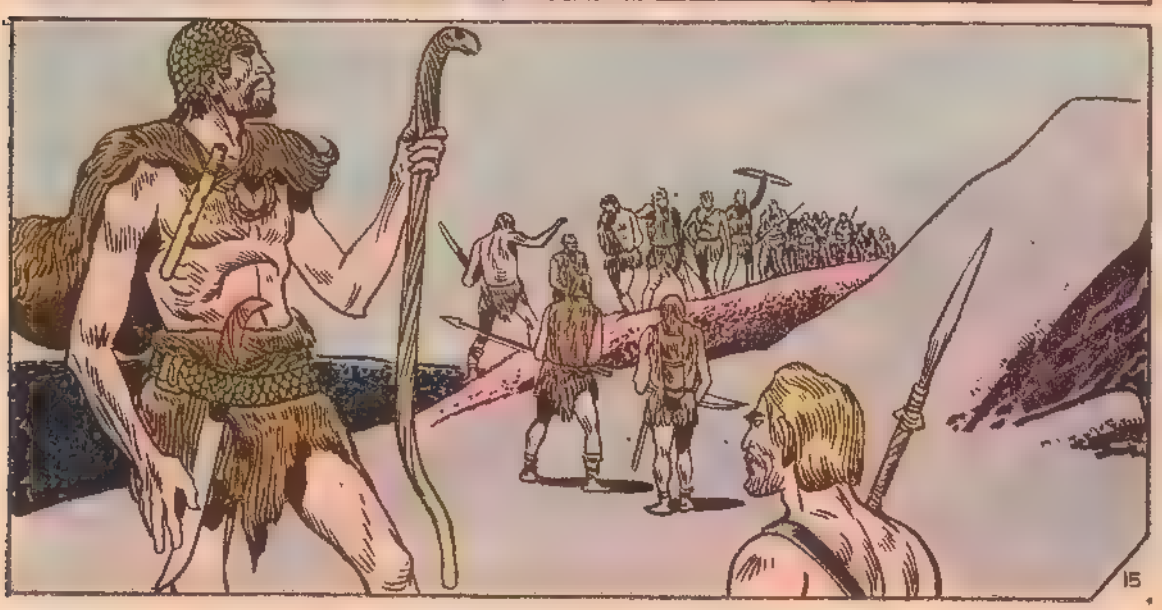
WHERE WILL THEY DO THIS THING?
THE SERPENT GOD IS IN A CAVERN AT THE FOOT OF THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN YOU CAN SEE!
NOW.. KILL US IF YOU MUST.. BUT IT WILL NOT HELP OR SAVE YOUR BROTHER!
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, BOK AGAIN STEPS INTO THE RAIN SWEPT NIGHT! HE CAN FIGHT MEN.. BUT HOW CAN HE DEFEAT A SERPENT GOD!
AND YET.. WHATEVER THE ODDS.. BOK KNOWS HE WILL TRY..!!
THE RESULT OF HIS EFFORTS WILL DETERMINE WHETHER KORG LIVES OR DIES!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THERE IS GRIM EVIDENCE THAT OTHERS HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE HIM, AND BOK IS WELL AWARE THAT HE HAS STEPPED INTO GREAT DANGER!

I WILL WAIT HERE.. IF KORG MUST FACE THIS THING, THEN WE WILL FACE IT TOGETHER!

HOURS PASS..THEN BOK CAN HEAR DISTANT CHANTING....
THEY COME!



LET IT BE DONE!
SLOWLY, KORG IS LOWERED INTO THE CAVERN! FRANTICALLY, HE LOOKS FOR AN APPEARANCE FROM THE SERPENT GOD!
BUT, THERE SEEMS TO BE NOTHING HERE BUT COLD ROCK!
THEN, SUDDENLY, A WEIRD, SHRILL SOUND RINGS IN KORG'S EARS!
TWEEE

COLD SWEAT COVERS KORG'S BODY! TIED - HE CAN'T EVEN FIGHT OFF THE DEADLY REPTILES... THEN THE CALL FROM A FAMILIAR VOICE...
KORG! HERE!
IT IS BOK.. HOW CAN THIS BE? BUT, IN ANY EVENT.. THERE NOW IS HOPE...
PLACE IS ALIVE WITH SNAKES..
YES.. WE ARE TRAPPED!
GOOD.. HE'S BEEN FORCED INTO THE CAVE.. NOW HE BELONGS TO THE SERPENT GOD!
SNAKES ARE COMING, KORG!
THEN WE MUST GO DEEPER!

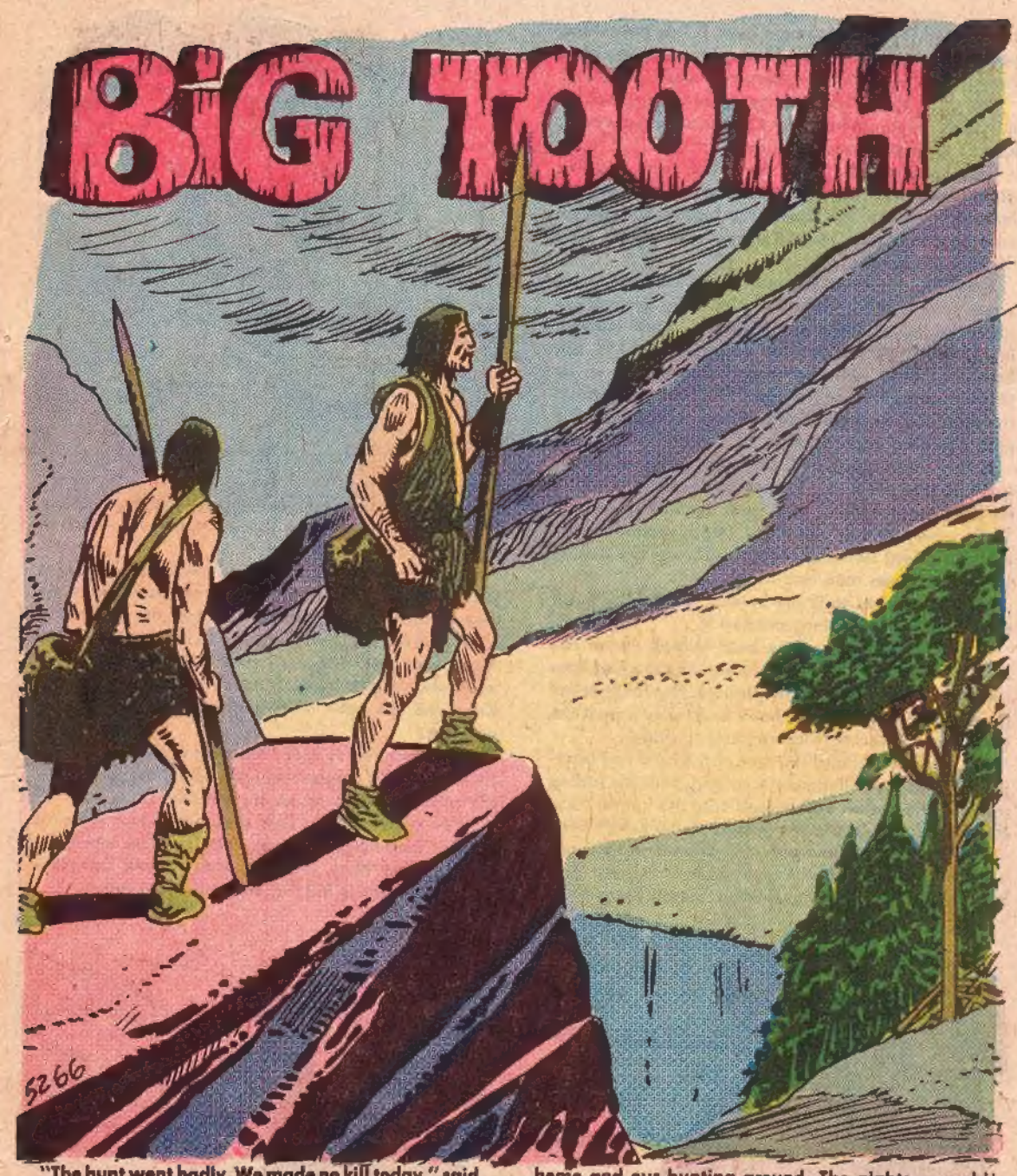
THE LIGHT GROWS DIM, KORG!
WE NEED TORCHES!
EVEN IN THE HALF-LIGHT, KORG GLIMPSES A MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOWS!
KORG KNOWS THAT A STONE CAN BE A VERY EFFECTIVE WEAPON...
..ESPECIALLY WHEN TEAMED WITH A STRONG ARM AND AN ACCURATE AIM...
THWD

WHAT KIND OF CREATURE IS THAT?
A FOOLISH OLD BEAR, I THINK!
BUT NOT FOOLISH ENOUGH TO NOT TELL US WHY HE IS HERE!
MY HEAD IS BROKE!
NOT YET.. BUT IT WILL BE UNLESS YOU SPEAK!
A LONG TIME AGO, I WAS PUT HERE AS A SACRIFICE- BUT THE SERPENT GOD ACCEPTED ME AS A FRIEND.. AND I TAKE CARE OF HIM!
THEN YOU KNOW A WAY OUT OF HERE.. SHOW US!
NO.. WE CAN'T GET PAST THE SERPENT GOD!
YOU SAY THE SERPENT GOD IS YOUR FRIEND.. THEN YOU KNOW THE WAY PAST HIM! IF WE DIE HERE.. YOU DIE ALSO.. UNDERSTAND?
YES, MAN!

YOU FOLLOW!
PUFF.. PUFF ..HE RUNS LIKE THE WIND!
SUDDENLY, THE OLD MAN HALTS!
SHHHHH
GOD NEAR!
WE USE TORCHES NOW.. SERPENT GOD AFRAID OF FIRE!
WHERE IS THIS GOD!?
THERE!

THAT'S NOT A GOD!. THAT'S A SEA DEMON!
IT COMES!
RUN!
KORG.. IT'S STILL COMING!
YOU SHOW US THE WAY OUT OR.. OR..
THAT WAY!
SUDDENLY, THE DARKNESS OPENS INTO BRIGHT SUNLIGHT...
WE'RE OUT!
21

KORG, LOOK!
.. WE'RE ABOVE THE CRO-MAGNON VILLAGE!
SERPENT GOD COMES!
GIVE ME THE TORCH!
CRO-MAGNON LIKES SERPENT GOD.. WE GIVE THEM SERPENT GOD!
WITH FIRE AND CLUB, KORG AND BOK MANEUVER THE CRUSTY OLD CREATURE TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND..
AAHHHHH
THE HARRIED TRIO DEPARTS THE SCENE TO A CRESCENDO OF SCREAMS FROM THE CRO-MAGNON VILLAGE..
AGGGH
A SLOW RAIN IS FALLING AGAIN AS THEY FINALLY REACH HOME AND KORG WONDERS HOW HE CAN EXPLAIN HOW THE ONLY THING HE IS BRINGING HOME FOR SUPPER IS A FOOLISH OLD BEAR!
END



"The hunt went badly. We made no kill today," said Korg to his family. For ten days, Korg and his brother Bok had failed to bring home fresh meat. Once again, they would have to gnaw on old bones in order to satisfy their ravenous hunger. They were starving.

"It is the work of Big Tooth," mumbled Bok as he placed his spear against the wall of the cave. Big Tooth was the name the cave men gave to the saber-toothed tiger. "Big Tooth has come down from the hills to share our hunting ground. His belly is full and our bellies are empty because of him. If Big Tooth stays here, we will starve. We must chase him away or kill him," said Bok.

"You are right," agreed Korg as he huddled close to the fire. "Things go badly for us. The wall of ice creeps closer and closer and threatens to chase us from our home and our hunting ground. The nights are cold! Death is in the air! If we are to survive, Big Tooth must die! Tomorrow, I hunt Big Tooth instead of the hairy tusker!"

The following morning, Korg prepared to hunt the saber-toothed tiger. With him he brought his stone axe and spear. He would need all of his primitive weapons to slay an animal as fierce and cunning as Big Tooth.

"I go with Korg?" asked Bok as his brother prepared to leave the cave. "Let us hunt side by side as we have done many times in the past. Together, we are great hunters. We have killed the woolly bear and the huge, hairy tusker. Together, we will kill Big Tooth!"

"No! I go alone," answered Korg. "The tiger is a savage and sly beast. The hunter may easily become

the hunted. You must remain here. If I do not return, you must move the family to a new place. One of us must live so the others may survive," explained Korg.

Bok understood. His heart went with Korg, but his duty was to remain behind. "You have spoken wisely, Korg! I wish you good hunting!"

Korg descended from the cave and quickly disappeared into the jungle of young Earth. He quickly found the spoor of the tiger. "Big Tooth leaves me an easy trail to follow," said Korg as he made his way through the jungle.

Suddenly, he heard the roar of the great tiger. He knew prey was just ahead of him. Korg gripped his spear tightly and quickened his pace. "I will kill you, Big Tooth! I will kill you not because I want to, but because I have to," muttered the cave man as he shadowed the trail of the tiger. His hunter's instincts told him that he would soon be face to face with the primitive king of the jungle.

Korg's pulse quickened. His heart pounded. In his mind he was preparing himself to do battle. It would be fang against spear and tooth against stone axe. There would be only one victor. Death waited for the loser and Korg swore that he would win the deadly contest between man and beast.

Korg paused to sniff the breeze. Big Tooth's scent was in the air, and Korg smelled it.

Just then, a woolly cave bear leaped out of the bushes and sprang for Korg's throat. The startled cave man didn't have a chance to retaliate. He was knocked to the ground and would have been easy prey if the tiger had not chosen that moment to attack.

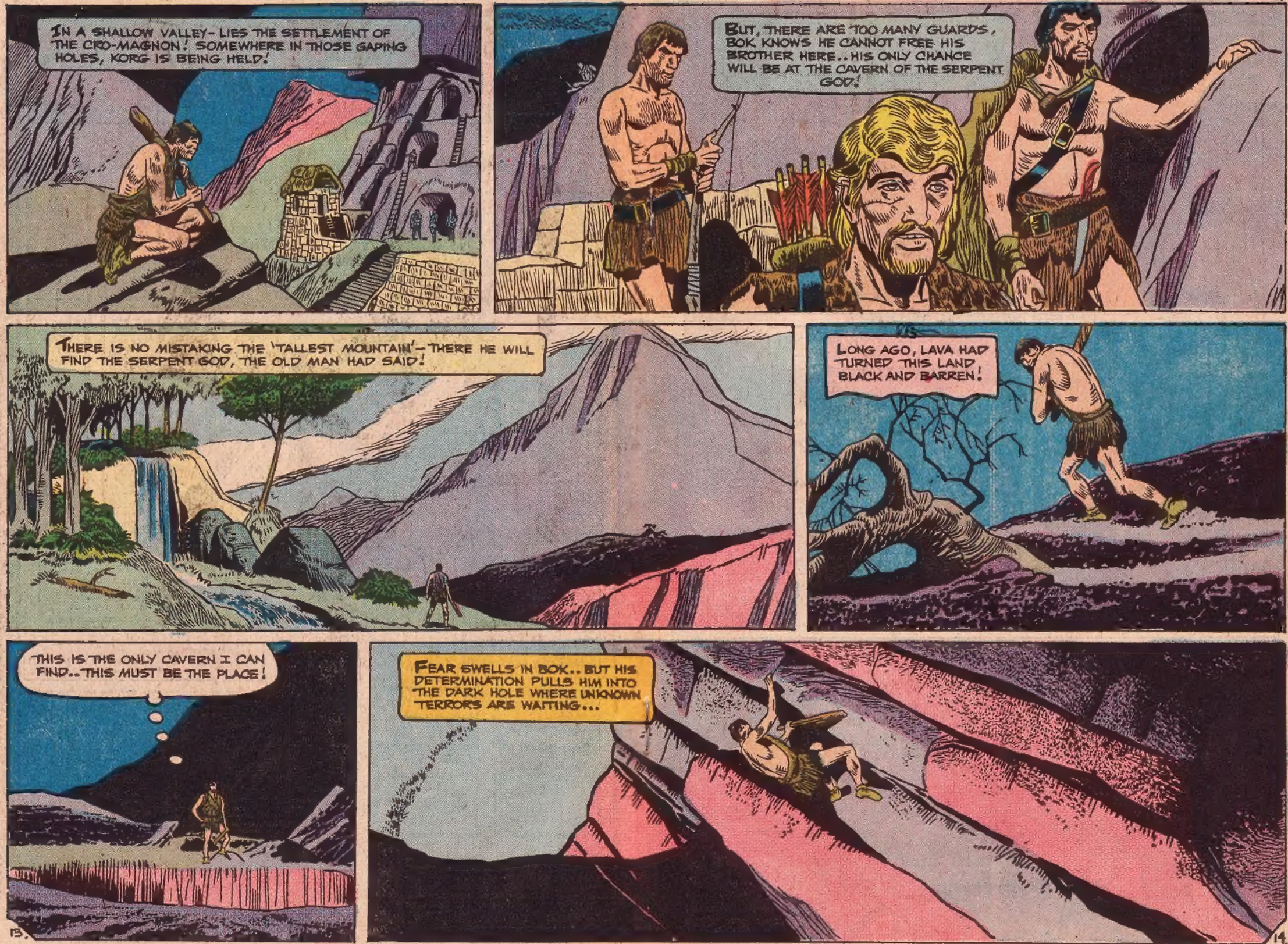
Big Tooth had heard the roar of the bear and interpreted it as a challenge. He sprang from his hiding place in the bushes and leaped onto the bear's back. He didn't know it, but his actions saved Korg's life.

The two, savage beasts roared, clawed and bit each other as they battled. The ground beneath them rumbled as fur flew and fangs flashed. Victory hung in the balance. The mighty Big Tooth had met his match in the cave bear.

Korg quickly recovered his spear and rushed over to join in the fight. Raising the spear above his head, he took careful aim as he cocked his arm. He hurled the shaft and it flew through the air to meet its mark. His throw was true! The shaft sank into the bear's chest and punctured its heart. It fell dead before the feet of Korg and the cave man immediately retrieved his weapon.

Korg prepared to spear the severely wounded cat. He lowered his weapon and allowed the tiger to slink off into the bushes to lick its wounds.

"You gave me my life, and I give you yours in return," said Korg. The tiger would feed his family for many moons. Now, they would not starve. Someday he would have to kill Big Tooth, but not today.


IN A SHALLOW VALLEY- LIES THE SETTLEMENT OF THE CRO-MAGNON! SOMEWHERE IN THOSE GAPING HOLES, KORG IS BEING HELD!
BUT, THERE ARE TOO MANY GUARDS, BOK KNOWS HE CANNOT FREE HIS BROTHER HERE.. HIS ONLY CHANCE WILL BE AT THE CAVERN OF THE SERPENT GOD!
THERE IS NO MISTAKING THE 'TALLEST MOUNTAIN'—THERE HE WILL FIND THE SERPENT GOD, THE OLD MAN HAD SAID!
LONG AGO, LAVA HAD TURNED THIS LAND BLACK AND BARREN!
THIS IS THE ONLY CAVERN I CAN FIND.. THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!
FEAR SWELLS IN BOK.. BUT HIS DETERMINATION PULLS HIM INTO THE DARK HOLE WHERE UNKNOWN TERRORS ARE WAITING...
13.
14.